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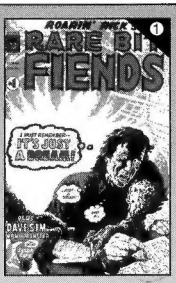
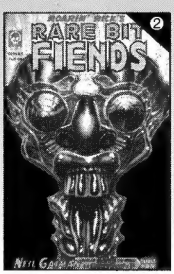
#7

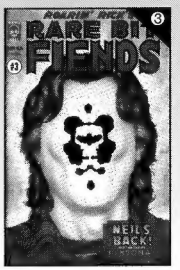
ROARIN' RICK'S

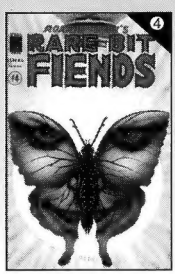
RARE BIT FIENDS

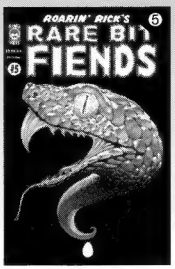
GET BIT

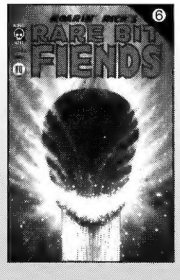












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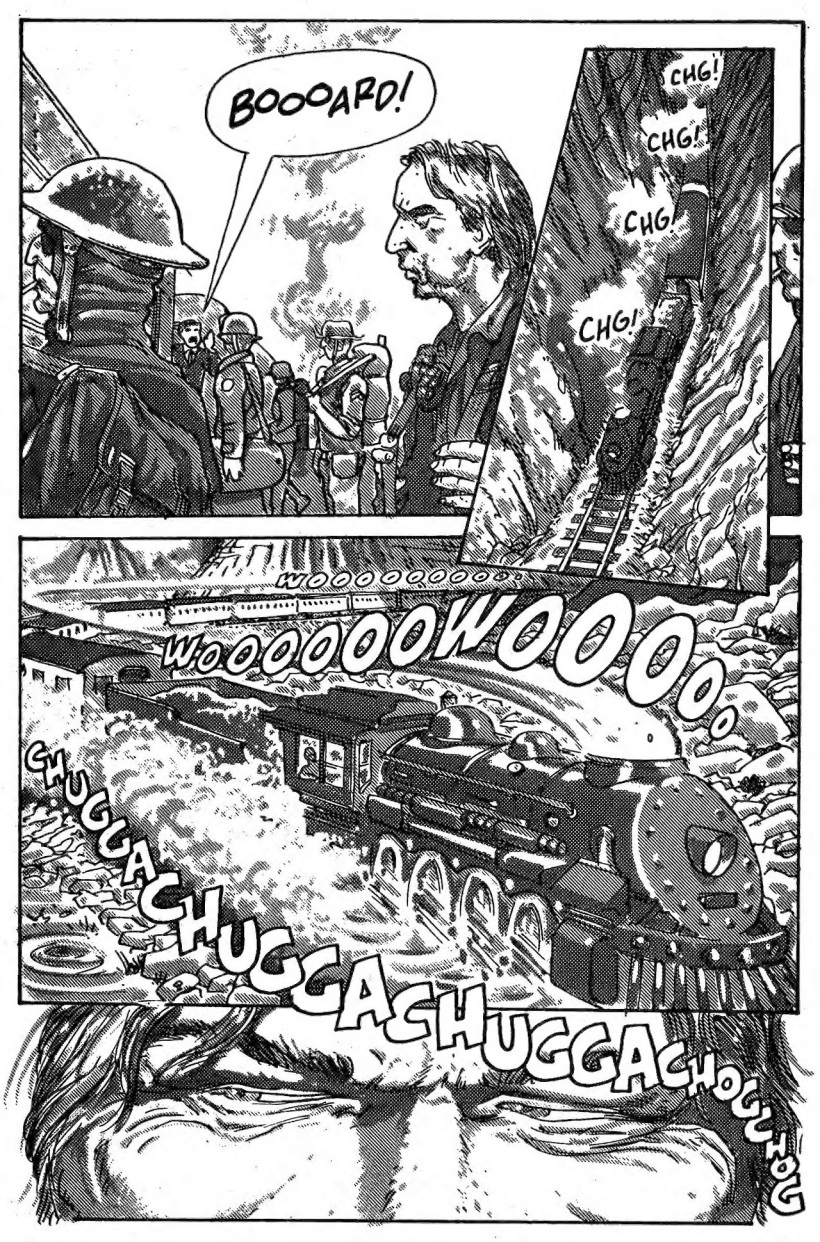
ROARIN' RICK'S RARE BIT FIENDS, No. 7, January, 1995. Published monthly by King Hell Press, PO Box 1371, West Townshend VT 05359-1371. Contents © 1995 respective creators.

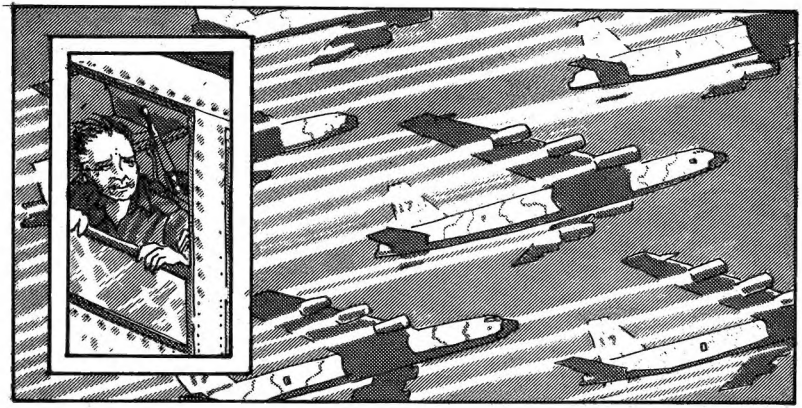
I'M LATE! I KNOW IT! I MUST HAVE MISSED MY FLIGHT!
UNLESS IT WAS DELAYED!
THERE'S MY BROTHER, TOM, IN LINE AT THE BRITISH AIR COUNTER!
CAN'T EVEN STOP TO TALK!
GOTTA' GET OVER TO LUFT-HANSA!
PLANET NEWS
AAK!
NOW MY LUGGAGE IS COMING APART!
LUFTH
RELAX. YOU'VE MISSED IT.
THE PLANE JUST CLEARED THE GATE
YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE ON THAT FLIGHT ANYWAY.
LUFTHANSA

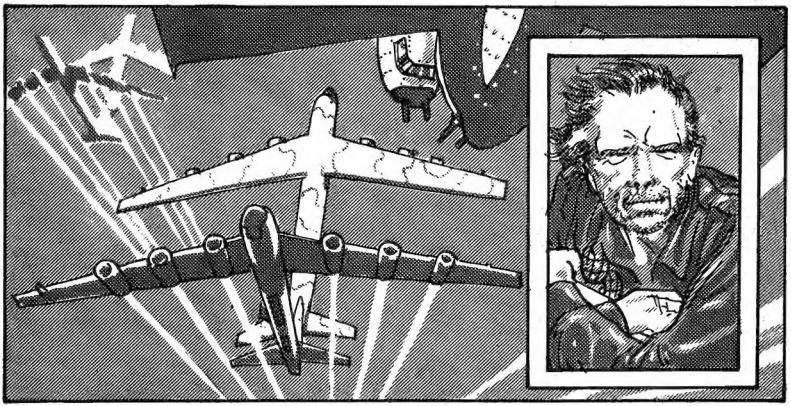
GATE 95
HEY, JEFF-- LOOK! OUT ON THE RUNWAY...
WHAT ARE THOSE BLUE THINGS?
LOOKS LIKE SOME WEATHER BALLOONS GOT LOOSE!
HELP!
HELP ME?
DO YOU HEAR THAT?
JESUS--IT'S A LITTLE KID DOWN THERE CRYING!
HELP!
OFFICER!
I THINK WE HAVE A SITUATION OVER HERE!
HEELP!
LIGHTS DON'T SEEM TO BE WORKING.
HALLOO!
ANYONE DOWN THERE?
HELLO? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
ANYBODY-- AAARRG!
IT'S THE BLUE GOO!
WARN THE OTHERS!

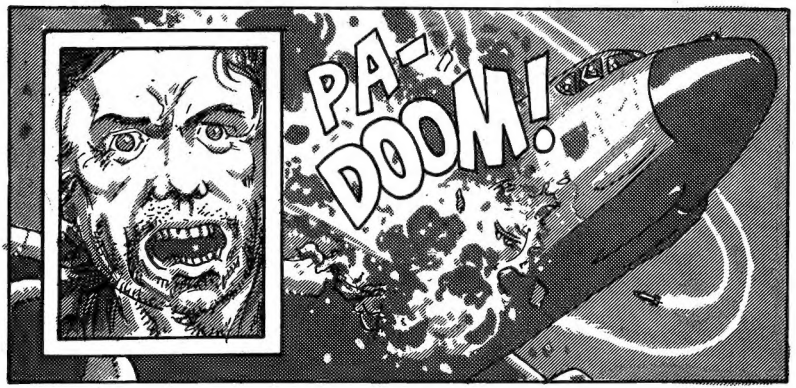
RIDING HELICOPTERS IS FUN, AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!
UGLY CROWD FORMING NEAR MY OLD HIGH SCHOOL, THOUGH...
LOOKS LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS!
THEY'RE PULLING US OVER!
WHAK!
WHAK!
WHAK!
GOD, NO-- I'M BEING DECAPITATED!
AAAGGH!
AAAGH!
WHAK!
WHAK!
AAAGH!
WE DON'T LIKE HELICOPTERS FLYING SO LOW AROUND HERE, SONNY!

WHEN DID YOU FIRST START DOING COMICS?
CHOMP CHOFF
RESTAURANT
UMM. UH...
CHOMP FFT
CHUF
CHF
WHEN I WAS A CHILD?
NO! NO! NO! NO!
THAT ISN'T IMPORTANT--WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SKIP OVER YOUR CHILDHOOD!
BUT... I THOUGHT THIS WAS A COMPREHENSIVE INTERVIEW ABOUT MY LIFE...?
CALIFORNIA
EXTRA!
DAILY POOP
WAR!
BUT, WHO IS THE ENEMY?
RED


BOOOARD!
CHG!
CHG!
CHG
CHG!
WOOOOOOOOOO
WOOOOOOWOOOOO
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHOG
CHOG

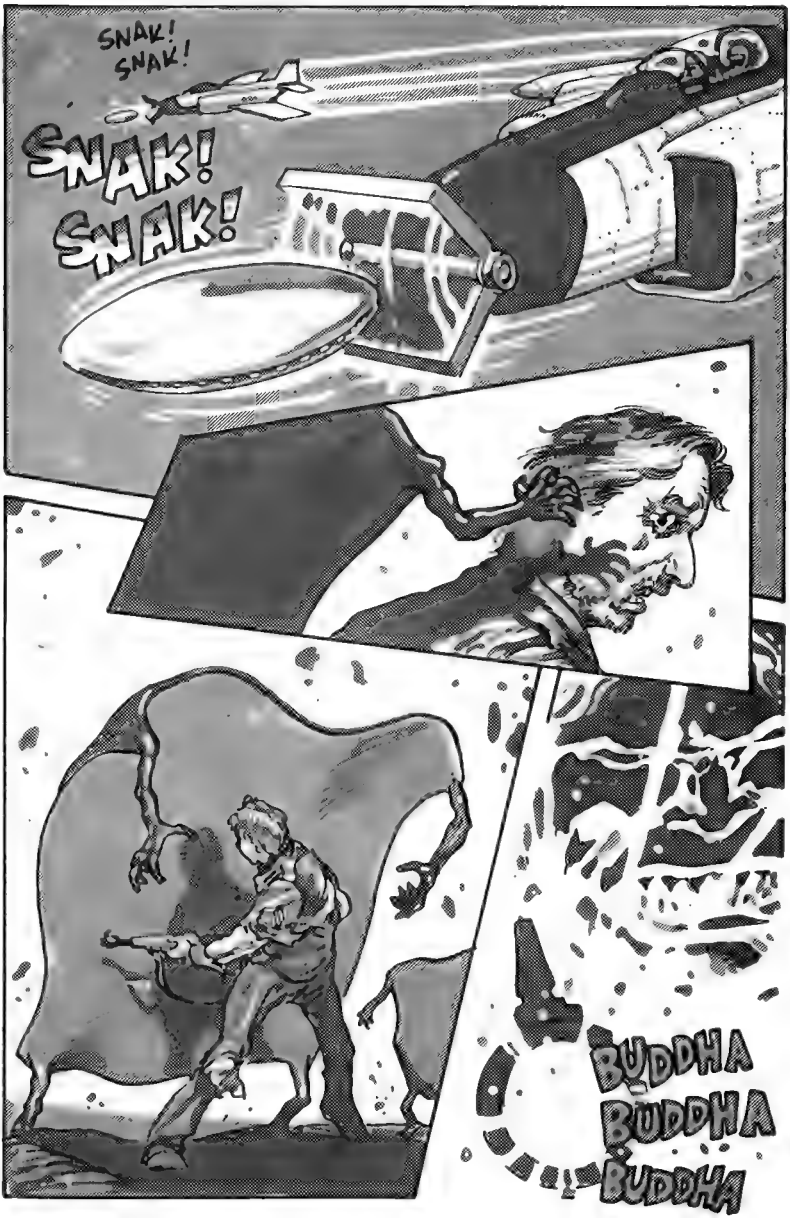


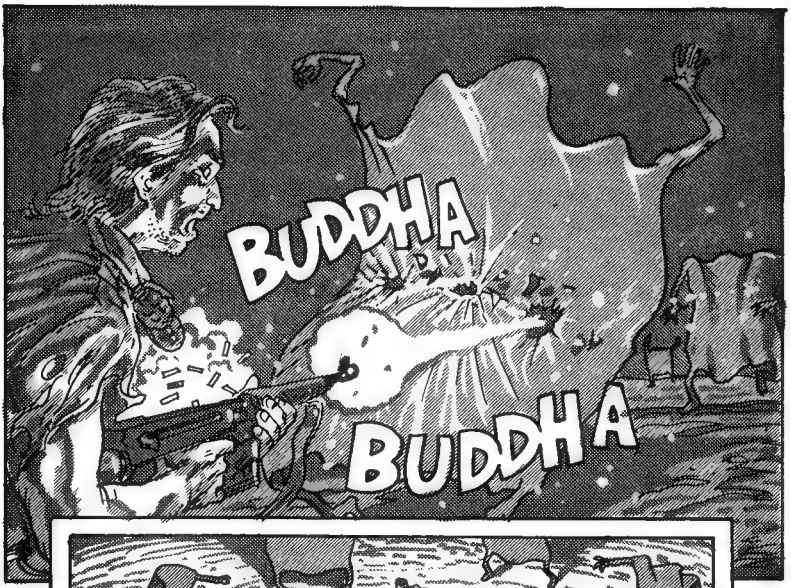


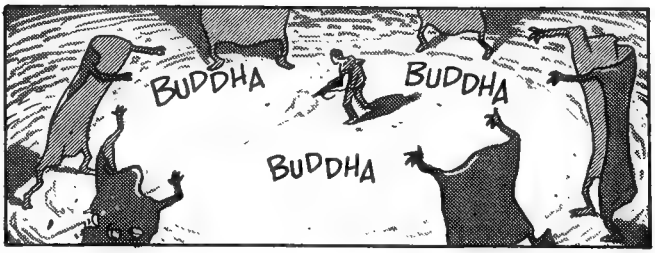

PA-
DOOM!

KER ASH!
BLANG!
SMASH!

EEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEE
EEEEEEE
SHA
BLOM
BLOM
BLOM
TOKKATOKTOKTOK
TOK
TOK
TOK
TZUUUP


SNAK! SNAK!
SNAK! SNAK!
BUDDHA BUDDHA BUDDHA


BUDDHA
BUDDHA


BUDDHA
BUDDHA
BUDDHA

PING!

BUDDHA BUDDHA
SKREECH!
CALIFORNIA RESTAURANT
SO YOU BECAME PASSIONATE ABOUT COMICS IN COLLEGE?
CHOMPF CHOFF
UMM... I LOVED THEM SINCE I WAS A LITTLE KID?
NO! NO! NO! NO! WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT IN THIS INTERVIEW!

SO, I SAID TO MYSELF..."IF THERE'S GOING TO BE A WAR, THEN I'M WALLING OF THE POOL."
THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE!
I WANT TO SEE THIS POOL FOR MYSELF!
HUH?
THERE WILL BE NO SWIMMING AT THE GAIMAN HOME FOR THE DURATION!
MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!
OH, NEIL-- HOW PATRIOTIC OF YOU!
THERE'S NEIL...
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL!
SWIMMING WITH VAMPIRES!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE THEY BITE HIM!

WOW! I NEVER THOUGHT OF PUTTING THE PHAGE BUILDING ON A SHIP!
I CAN USE THIS IN MY TEKNO-COMICS SCRIPTS!
EVERYTHING'S PERFECTLY DETAILED... JUST AS I DESCRIBED IT!
IT'S ALMOST AS IF IT ALREADY EXISTS SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF MY IMAGINATION BEFORE I WRITE ABOUT IT!
OH MY GOD, IT'S HIM! THE TEKNO-PHAGE! H-HE'S REAL TOO!
AND HE'S GOT HIS ARM AROUND MICK JAGGER!
I'VE HAD IT, PHAGE.
I GOTTA' GET OFF THIS TUB!

HELLO? YES? THIS IS BOB VEITCH'S SON...
YOU SAY HE'S NEEDED DOWN AT THE OLD MILL, RIGHT AWAY?
OKAY. I'LL TELL HIM.
ROBERTSON PAPE EST 1858
HA!
THE SECRETARY DOESN'T REMEMBER THAT DAD DIED TWENTY YEARS AGO!
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO COLLECT HIS CHECK!
LOOK AT THEM! DAD'S WEASILY BOSSES STILL FEEDING THEIR FACES AFTER ALL THIS TIME!
TOO WARPED BY THEIR OFFICE POLITICS TO NOTICE WHO I REALLY AM...
HOW YOU NEW BOYS GETTING ALONG?
IF Y'GOT DIRT ON ANYONE, I GOTTA HAVE IT!
THEY MAKE ME WANT TO PUKE!
THIS'LL WAKE 'EM UP!

ALAN MOORE'S BUSINESS CARD.
THE NEW FERRARA
POST CARD TO BISSETTE.
SCULPTURE BY AL COLUMBIA.
GARY GROTH'S CAR.

I WAS SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR BUST, MR. DELOREAN.
I'M INTO JET-POWERED ROLLER SKATES NOW, RICK. TAKE A LOOK--I'D LOVE TO HEAR WHAT YOU THINK!
I ALWAYS LIKED THE CAR YOU MANUFACTURED!
THEY FEEL VERY NICE.
GOT THE HEFT OF A QUALITY JAPANESE PRODUCT.
LET'S SEE HOW EASY THEY ARE TO USE!
THEY'RE MORE FUN THAN DRIVING A SPORTS CAR!
YOU'VE GOT TO PUT THESE ON THE MARKET, JOHN!
THERE'S A PROBLEM.
THE GOVERNMENT DROPPED A WHOLE PLATOON OF THESE GUYS IN MY LAP!
SOMETHING HAPPENED IN IRAQ. NO ONE KNOWS IF THEY'RE ALIVE OR DEAD.
I NEED TO DISPOSE OF THEM!
RICK--YOU COULDN'T INTRODUCE ME TO KEVIN EASTMAN COULD YOU?
SURE!
HE'LL LOVE THESE THINGS!

HA HA! NEW-MOWN FIELDS ARE PERFECT FOR SKATING! WHEEEEEEEE!
RICK--LOOK! THEY'VE HUNG UP ALL THE HAY BALES TO DRY!
THE BEES JUST LOVE THE SMELL OF FRESH CUT HAY!
SEE ALL THE NESTS THEY'VE MADE!
I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING...
I'LL JUST HITCH THESE ELECTRODES UP TO THE HIVE LIKE SO...
HELLO! CAN YOU HEAR ME IN THERE?
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?

OVER.
AND OVER.
OVER.
AND OVER.
ALL NIGHT LONG.

BEST-SELLING AUTHORS ARE HEIR TO ANY NUMBER OF OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS.

THE WORST OF THESE IS THE MASK.

THEY'RE THOUGHT TO BE A SIDE EFFECT OF EXCESSIVE FOCUSING.

ALL WRITERS GROW THEM AT SOME POINT IN THEIR LIVES.

WITH ONE EXCEPTION...

ROBERT CRUMB.

TO AVOID GETTING A MASK, HE HAD HIS FACE REMOVED.

HE EVEN GAVE UP HIS EYES TO INCREASE THE EFFECT.

UGH.

LITTLE OMENS

· P.O. BOX 1371 WEST TOWNSHEND VT 05359 ·

Bernard Caleo
Melbourne, Victoria,
Australia

Dear Rick Veitch,

Dateline- Rare Bit Fiends #1. . . Man stands on a semi-deserted beach, surrounded by his many widows. "Oh, wow. Oh, wow," he seems to be saying but at this distance it is possible that he's barking up the wrong date-palm set in the center of his hand. . .

Quite, quite beautiful and real.

Congratulations

More Please

Bernard Caleo

Brian Lipske

Rick,

I've been meaning to write to Rare Bit Fiends for several months now. I felt pretty strange about the first letter I sent. I thought that I came across as some kind of drooling fanboy. That's why I didn't mention that I'd written when I saw you at the Chicago Comic Con. I figured that you would probably not print such a poorly written letter...I was wrong. I was shocked when I saw my letter in print in issue 3, but rereading it, it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it was.

Until I started reading Rare Bit Fiends, I had never given much thought to my dreams. Since then, I've started taking them more seriously. I started out by reading some of the scientific research that has gone into dreams. It was dry reading, but informative. I found out a bit about how humans dream, and theories on why. I've started looking into nightmares and night terrors. Why did they plague me when I was young, and why don't I recall them very well? I had always thought of myself as someone who had explored many areas of my own mind. Someone who analyzed their own consciousness. I don't know how I could have overlooked something as obvious as dreams. The fact that I spend nearly a third of my life sleeping, and a good portion of that time dreaming somehow had escaped me. Although I've always had vivid dreams and could recall them fairly easily, I always thought that dreams were uncontrollable and, ultimately, meaningless. I don't yet have any answers of truths to tell about dream consciousness, but I believe my journey to understanding has barely begun. I thank you for sparking this interest in me.

After reading the first issue of RBF, I decided that starting a dream diary would be a useful thing to try. This is the only dream I remembered that night...

I dreamt that I woke up from a dream. I wanted to record a few notes about my dream in my diary. The only note I made was a four letter word. I don't recall what that word was, but I wrote it in large block letters. The word was a description of the dream, but each letter in the word was also the first letter

of a *different* word which was also a description of the dream.

Since then, I've had varying degrees of success remembering my dreams for the diary. I don't know if its helping me at all, but I'm enjoying the process. I haven't been able to trigger any lucid dreams, but I imagine that they may take some time and practice.

Here's a topic I'd like to hear some more people comment on: I'm fairly sure that we've all experienced feelings of deja vu, but how are these feelings related to dreams? I believe that I've dreamt about experiences before they happened. They are never really detailed experiences, just images and feelings. I also have trouble telling whether an event I remember actually happened, or if I just dreamt it happening.

I've enjoyed every issue of RBF you've done. The letter column is very interesting and full of information. Its also great to get treats like the Celebrity Fiends, and Road Bits. The book seems to be selling well around here, and at least the store I shop at keeps issues in stock (Graham Crackers Comics, Bloomingdale - if I can give them a little plug). I wish you the best of luck and can't wait to read more.

Brian Lipske

Jason Zuleger
Madison, WI

Rick,

RRRBF is one great comic. Hope it catches on. It's impossible to convey to another the precise essence of one's particular dream, but it sure is fun to try. From the wacky to the horrific, dreams have tremendous entertainment potential. Here's my attempt to entertain.

The following childhood dream is one of only a few to survive vividly in my memory. It survives because of the strong emotional impact it had on me. I'm not sure of my age at the time I had the dream, but it had to be before I turned eleven. I also seem to remember being ill at the time.

The dream begins and I am lying on my back in my bed with my eyes closed and the blankets pulled up to my neck, tucked underneath my shoulders (a favorite sleeping position of mine as a child). I am feverish and my pillow is soaked with sweat. The air is stale and humid. I hear/feel a loud, low, steady throbbing noise which seems to envelope me. I can feel the pulsation in every cell of my body in perfect cadence with my heart. The noise is not coming form my heart however, it originates from someplace(s) outside my body. A feeling of fear creeps over me and I open my eyes.

I am in my bedroom but most everything is gone: closets, the dresser, my brother and his bed, the door out of the room, etc. . . My bed and the ugly yellow shag carpeting remain. The two windows are there too, but the glass is painted over, the same color as the blank walls. I get the impression it is night although the room is illuminated and there is no visible light source. The throbbing continues, growing louder. It has what I can only describe as a "mechanical" quality to it (as opposed to "organic" I guess).

My fear increases and I feel that I must determine the source of the noise. As I inspect the wall near one of the windows with my hands, it suddenly becomes transparent. I can see massive, complex, alien machinery inches from my fingers, behind the wall. I snatch my fingers away and the wall loses its transparency. Full panic sets in as I realize the machinery making the noise is alive. I also sense that this alien technology has some unknown, evil purpose. I turn to the nearest window to open it and escape the room before it drives me mad. The window opens with little difficulty but outside nothing but the star-flecked blackness of outer space in every direction.

When I read the above to my wife she said it sounds as if I had been abducted by aliens as a child. I feel more comfortable attributing it to fever combined with an overactive imagination.

I wish I had the talent to sketch out the dream for you ("A picture is worth a thousand words" and all that) but I don't. Hope you enjoyed the telling though. Thanks for the great comic and dream forum.

Jason Zuleger

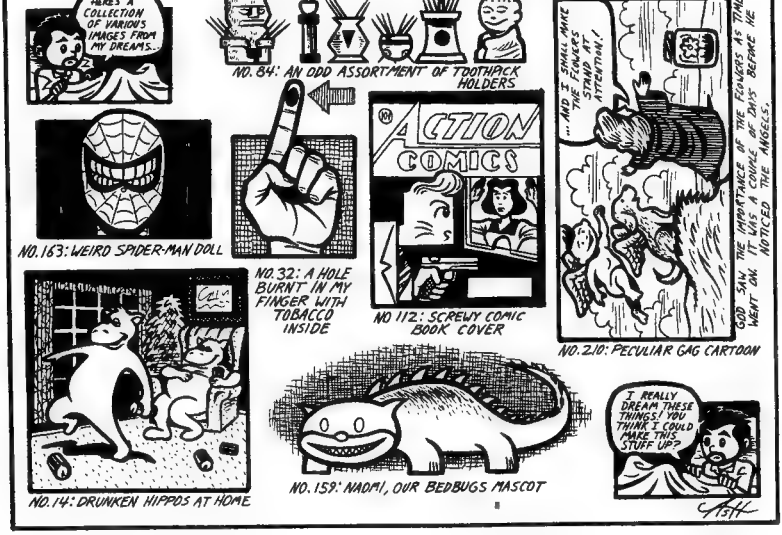
Kevin Miller
July 25, 1994 (7:22pm)
Dear Rick,

.....I'm holding an LP. It's from "The Rush Limbaugh Quartet." I look at the back of the album cover and I see, from the list of contents, that the Quartet does their version of some great old songs. I remember, however, that I do not have a record player and so therefore will not be able to play this LP.

....My father has found my "temporary police officer's i.d." Apparently I had misplaced it. It's bent and a little torn.

....All these cars, and then I'm in a starship, zipping through the universe – And then a cut to Mary Maitland's show on CNBC and she cracks some joke about being "Shell-shocked."

That's three. I've been recording my dreams on and off over the years and started to get more serious at the beginning of this year about doing it.



Now, I'm not just writing them down. I'm trying to de-code them without relying exclusively on one conceptual frame-of-reference in order to find out what my dreams can teach me. (My dreams will occasionally use a Freudian or Jungian image.) The important thing to ask is what these images would meant to *me*? Not to Freud, Jung, or anybody else.

By the way, you might want to ask your readers how many dream in black and white and how many in color. I have always dreamed in color. nothing ever looks misty, and foggy, and out of focus – the cliche "dream look" of bad movies and tv shows – My dreams are always sharply in focus, color, well-lit, and always give the over-powering sense of being real. (Which, in a way they are.)

I've noticed that "Dream sequences" in movies and tv shows usually come off badly because movies and such (and comics!) are so much like dreams, so it seems redundant. (The dreams in *SANDMAN* of course are always handled excellently – and the only solution to that mystery that I can find is that Neil Gaiman is fucking brilliant.)

I really loved the first issue of your new comic book. I can't think of anything witty or insightful to say about it, except that since comic books are so much like dreams, why didn't somebody do this earlier? I especially love the weird, off-center, seemingly irregular flow of the first issue. It jumps around and the jumps don't SEEM to make sense, but what your jumping TO does. Rereading this comic will probably unlock some fun, secret stuff about why you place Sequence X next to Sequence Y.

You or any of your readers can, if they like, take a spin at "decoding" the dreams I mentioned at the top of this letter. (Here's a hint: I'm *not* a police officer.) You won't get the same thing out of them as I did, and I'm not going to call any interpretation "Wrong." I just figured it might be fun to peek inside the heads of other people. Rick has given us a peek. Anybody else want to play?

"This is not really happening/
You bet your life it is"
—Tori Amos

Our CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS this issue is a stone-cold knock-out! JEAN GIRAUD, working under his nom de plume, MOEBIUS, has been creating sensational dream-like comic strips for over twenty-five years. A leading figure of the golden age of European comic art that flourished in the seventies, Giraud is one of those rare individuals who's work is of such high quality and startling originality that it has forever changed and immeasurably added to the grammar of this strange holistic language we call comics. In such groundbreaking works as ARZACH and LE GARAGE HERMETIQUE (in English, THE AIR TIGHT GARAGE) Moebius plunges the reader into a chaotically complex and astonishingly realized fantasyscape that mirrors the dream function with a stark clarity and haunting authenticity that has yet to be matched. The best of Moebius' work can actually produce a tingle of half-buried memory sensation, as if it were somehow based upon a collective dream we all shared somewhere far beyond the walls of sleep.

I was more than a little surprised to discover, when talking with JEAN-MARC LOFFICIER, who acts as MOEBIUS' agent and editor here in the States, that none of these dream-like masterpieces were actually based upon dreams. While Moebius had been known to incorporate elements from his dreams into parts of his work, Lofficier was unaware of any stories that were simply records of the artist's dream-life. We would have left it at that, but fortunately Moebius' assistant, a fine fellow I know only as SYLVAN, remembered that there was such a story in the Moebius canon which had been done in the late eighties for a French anthology. The story is titled MARIE DAKAR, and as you can see on the pages that follow, it is thing of exquisite and fragile beauty. Yes, it has seen print before, a few years back in DARK HORSE PRESENTS # 63, but I think in the context of RARE BIT FIENDS it is well worth another look for any who are interested in a deeper understanding of the unconscious thought processes of one of the great living masters of comic art.

Special thanks to Saurian Steve Bissette for helping set this one up!

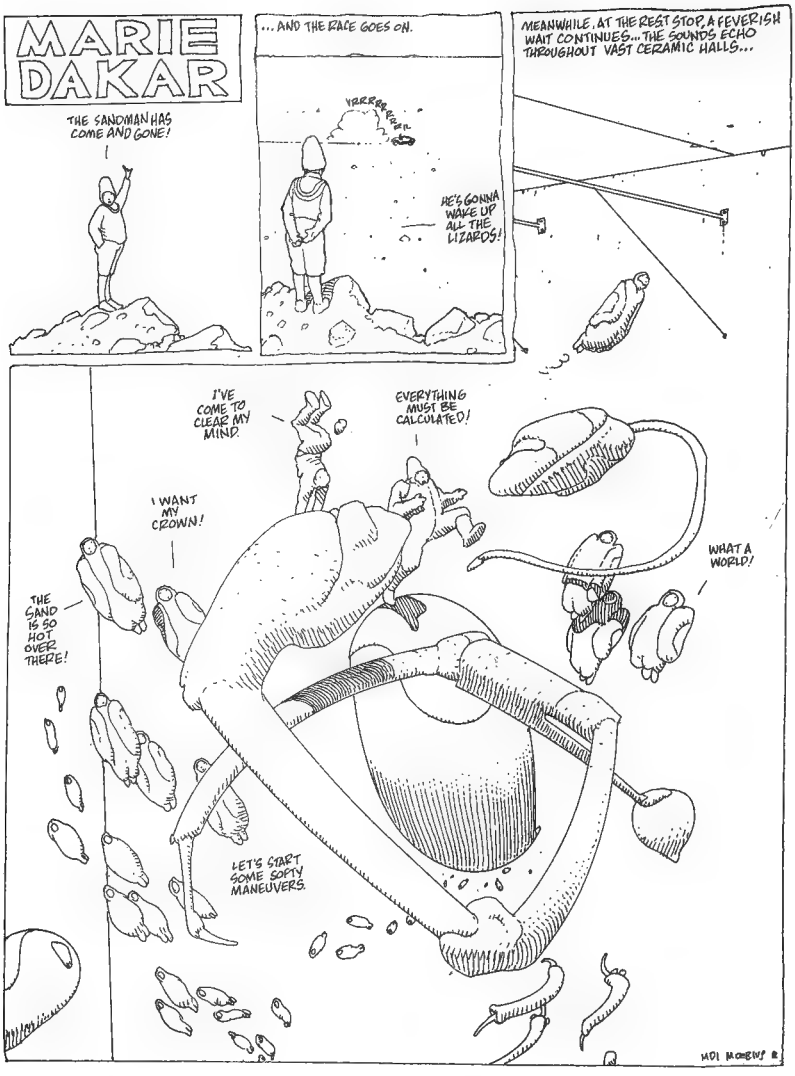
Next issue, bring your kleenex as CAM KENNEDY floats us down the dusty corridors of sadness!

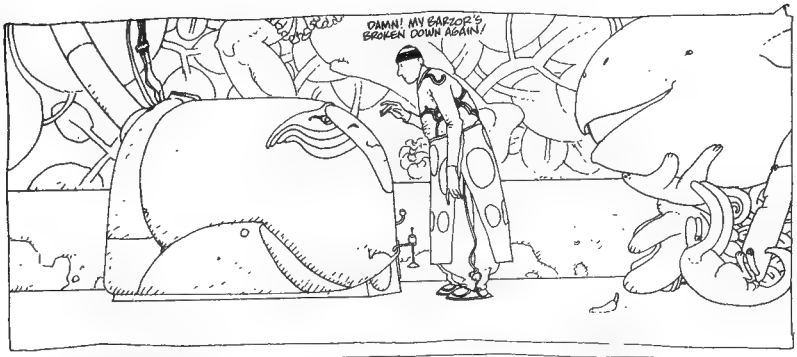
See you in thirty!
Roarin' Rick

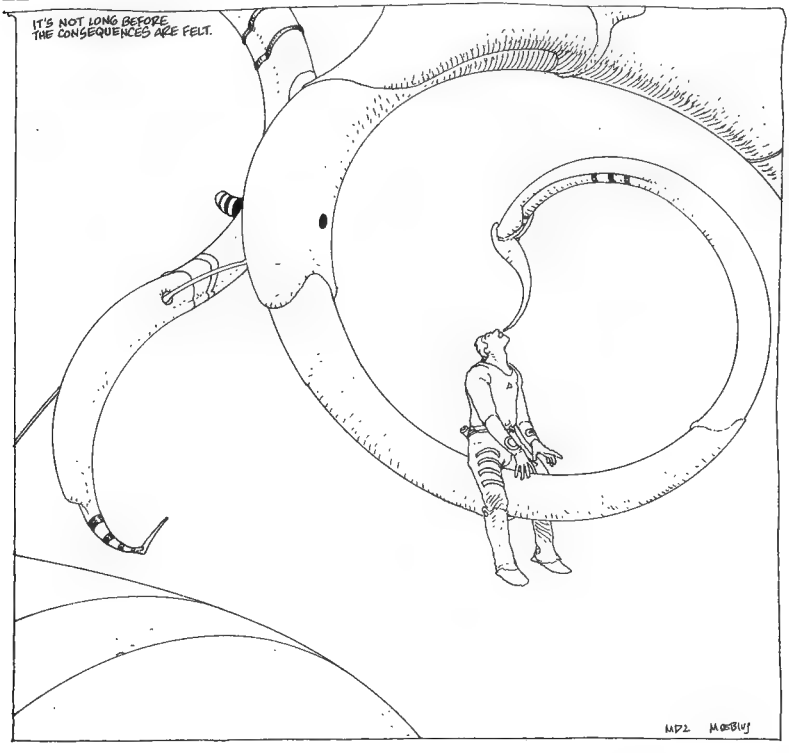
LONDON RAREBIT

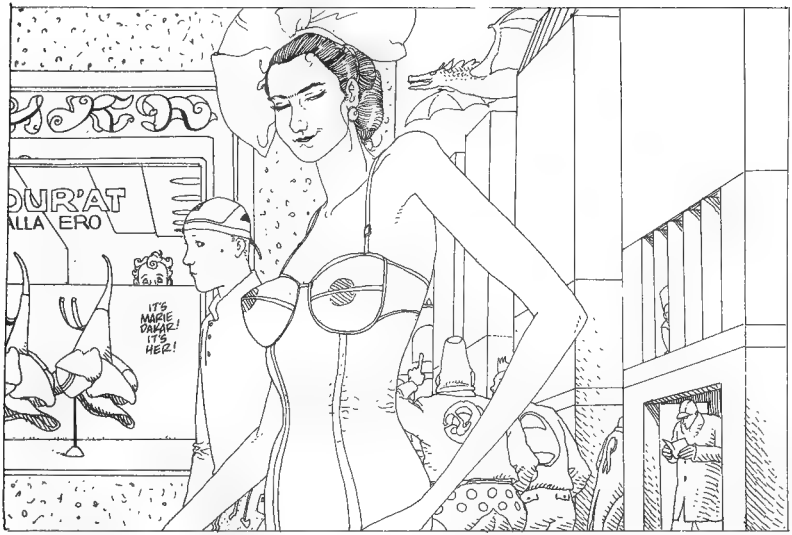
3 tbs. butter	1/2 cup milk
3 tbs. flour	1-1/2 cup (6 oz.) diced Cheddar
1/2 tsp. salt	1/4 cup sherry
dash Tabasco sauce	1 cup ale

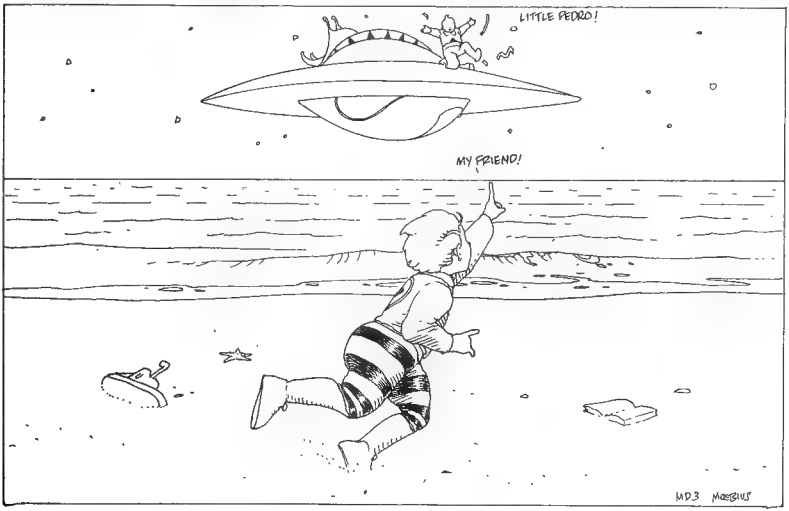
Melt butter in saucepan over low heat. Stir in flour and seasonings. Let bubble a minute. Remove from heat. Slowly add milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickenend. Add cheese and sherry. Stir until cheese is melted. Blend in ale. Serve in chafing dish or fondue pot with French bread for dipping, or spoon over toast. Makes 4 servings.


MARIE DAKAR
THE SANDMAN HAS COME AND GONE!
... AND THE RACE GOES ON.
VRRRRRRRRR
HE'S GONNA WAKE UP ALL THE LIZARDS!
MEANWHILE, AT THE REST STOP, A FEVERISH WAIT CONTINUES... THE SOUNDS ECHO THROUGHOUT VAST CERAMIC HALLS...
I'VE COME TO CLEAR MY MIND.
EVERYTHING MUST BE CALCULATED!
I WANT MY CROWN!
WHAT A WORLD!
THE SAND IS SO HOT OVER THERE!
LET'S START SOME SOFTY MANEUVERS.


DAMN! MY GARZOR'S BROKEN DOWN AGAIN!


IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE THE CONSEQUENCES ARE FELT.
MD2 MOEBIUS


OUR'AT
ALLA ERO
IT'S MARIE DAKAR! IT'S HER!

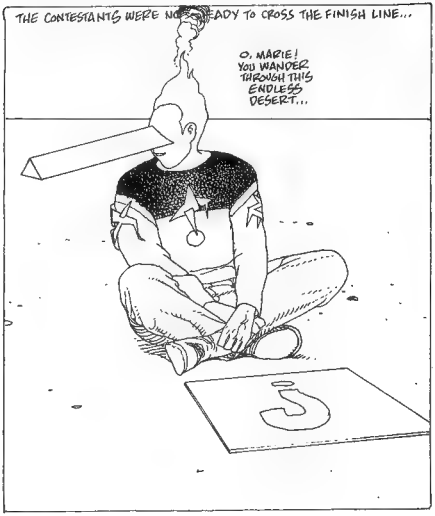

LITTLE PEDRO!
MY FRIEND!
MD.3 MOEBIUS

I KNEW IT!

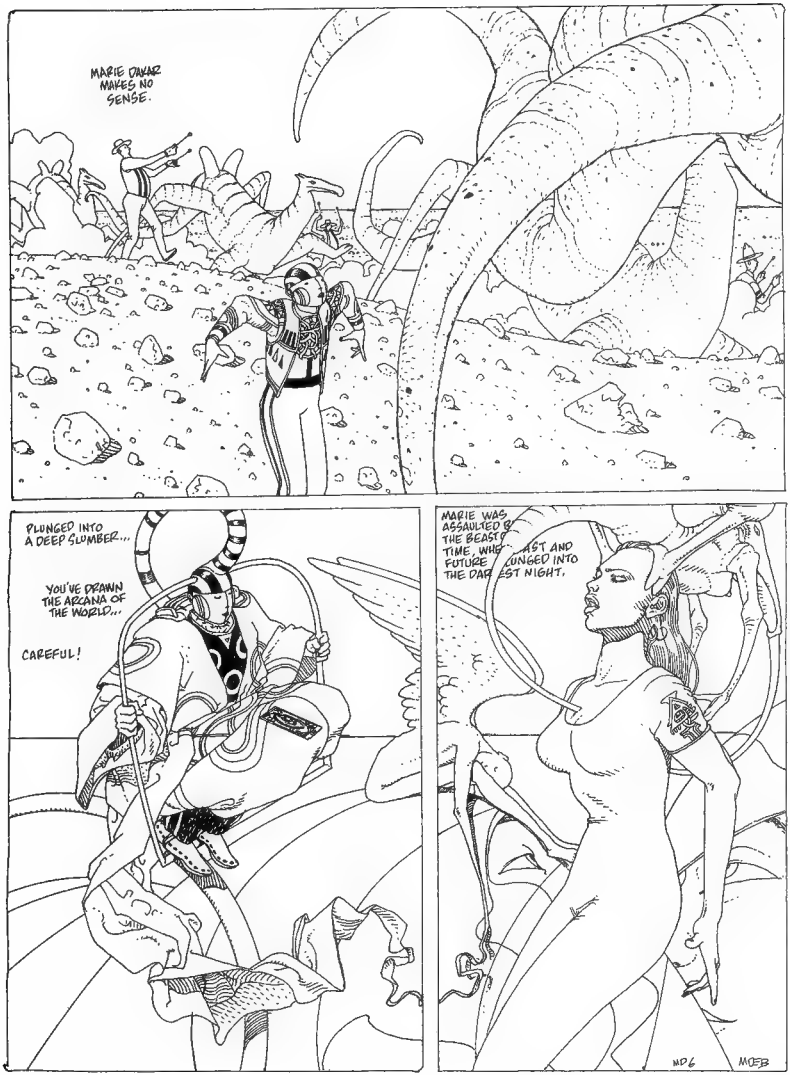
AMAZING!

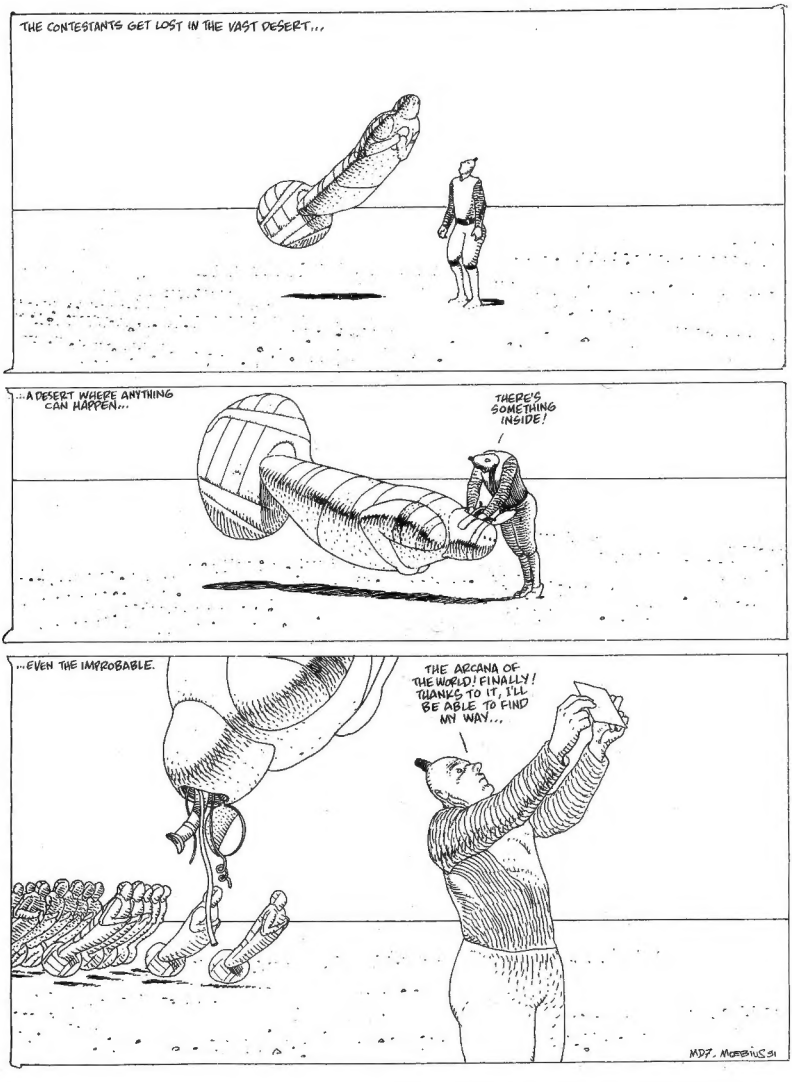
NEVER BEFORE HAS A DREAM GIVEN ME SUCH AN IMPRESSION OF REALITY.
PAGE 22
RÊVE

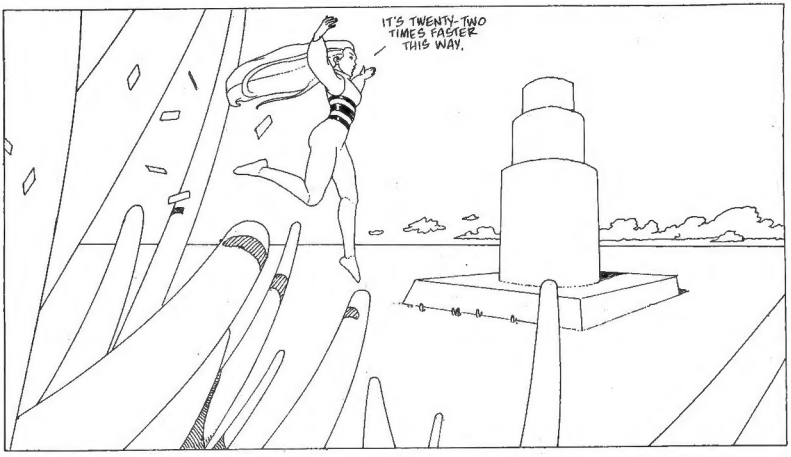
HAVE NO FEAR!
A STRANGE CHARACTER APPEARED IN FRONT OF ME...

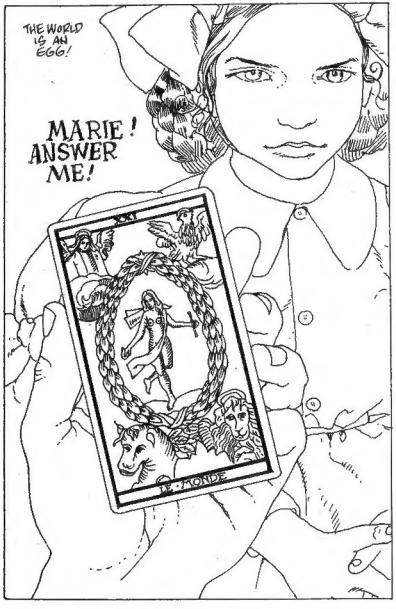

THE CONTESTANTS WERE NOW READY TO CROSS THE FINISH LINE...
O, MARIE! YOU WANDER THROUGH THIS ENDLESS DESERT...
5

MY NAME IS MARIE DAKAR. WITH DEATH BY MY SIDE, I WANDER THROUGH THIS ENDLESS DESERT.
MOSMOB.


MARIE DAKAR MAKES NO SENSE.
PLUNGED INTO A DEEP SLUMBER...
YOU'VE DRAWN THE ARCANA OF THE WORLD...
CAREFUL!
MARIE WAS ASSAULTED BY THE BEASTS OF TIME, WHO ...AST AND FUTURE ...UNGED INTO THE DAR...EST NIGHT.
MD6
MOEB


THE CONTESTANTS GET LOST IN THE VAST DESERT...
...A DESERT WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN...
THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE!
...EVEN THE IMPROBABLE.
THE ARCANA OF THE WORLD! FINALLY! THANKS TO IT, I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND MY WAY...
MDJ. MOEBIUS 91


IT'S TWENTY-TWO TIMES FASTER THIS WAY.


THE WORLD IS AN EGG!
MARIE! ANSWER ME!
XXI
LE MONDE

ALL THE CONTESTANTS HAVE FINALLY CROSSED THE FINISH LINE.
IT'S OVER!
DID YOU SEE? IT WAS LIKE A DREAM.
WHO KNOWS? NOTHING IS ABSOLUTELY FOR CERTAIN!
MD 8
MOEBIUS
FIN.

WILL EISNER
SPIRIT OF COMICS
RETAILER AWARD
1995

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

The Will Eisner "Spirit of Comics" Retailer Award, presented under the auspices of the San Diego Comic-Con, is given to an individual retailer who has done an outstanding job of supporting the comics art medium both in the community and within the industry at large.

GUIDELINES

The guidelines for nomination include:

- Any retailer established in business for at least two years is eligible to be nominated.
- Anyone—retailers, professionals, fans—may place a name in nomination.
- A panel of industry judges selects a group of finalists to be subjected to an in-depth examination based on the award criteria.
- Winners will be announced at a special ceremony at the 1995 Comic Book Expo.
- Previous winners are not eligible for nomination.

CRITERIA

The criteria for winning include:

- *Support of a wide variety of innovative material.* Providing opportunities for creators' material to reach buyers; stocking a diverse inventory.
- *Knowledge.* Working to stay informed on retailing as well as on the comics field.
- *Community activity.* Promoting comics to the community; maintaining relationships with schools/libraries; keeping active in social/business/arts community organizations.
- *Quality of store image.* Innovative display approaches; using store design creatively.
- *Adherence to standard ethical business practices.*

1995 Spirit of Comics Award Nominating Ballot

I place the following name in nomination for the 1995 Will Eisner "Spirit of Comics" Retailer Award. I understand that only retailers whose business has been established for at least two years are eligible for nomination and that any nominees found not to adhere to standard ethical business practices will be disqualified. *[Please print or type]*

Retailer's Name _____

Store Name _____ *Store Phone Number* _____

Complete Store Address _____

_____

[Provide brief statements explaining how your nominee excels in each of the following categories. Use additional sheets if necessary.]

Support of a variety of innovative material: _____

_____

_____

Knowledge of retailing and the comics field: _____

_____

_____

Community activity: _____

_____

_____

Quality of store image: _____

_____

_____

Additional comments: _____

_____

_____

Mail Ballot to: Spirit of Comics Award, c/o San Diego Comic Convention, 311 Fourth Avenue, Suite 511, San Diego, California 92101. Or you may fax it to: (619) 544-0743

Ballots must be received by Monday, April 3, 1995

1994 Sponsors:

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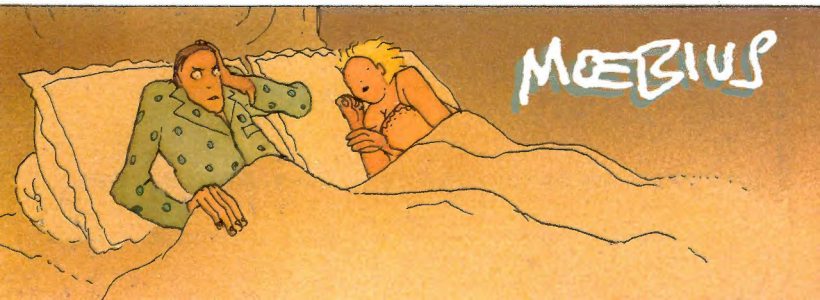
MARIE DAKAR